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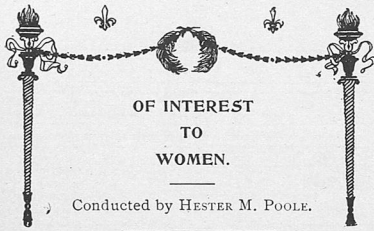
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## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Conducted by HESTER M. POOLE.

### ECHOES OF CLUBBOO.

THE first regular social meeting of Sorosis after the Annual Breakfast was under the direction of the Committee upon Literature, Mrs. Lee C. Harley, Chairman. The question was "Is the exaltation of the novel and the decadence of poetry, epistolary writing and the essay, a development or a retrogression in literature? The first speaker, who argued that the modern tendency is toward retrogression, was followed by Mrs. Septima M. Collis. Following her and taking the opposite side was the distinguished novelist, Mrs. Amelia A. Barr, who pleaded ably in favor of the novel, which she declared to be that progressive phase of literature that can never fall into decadence.

Mrs. Barr was followed by Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kingman, May Reiley Smith, the poetess, Mrs. Greeley, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Beaton, and several others.

On April 20, after the regular business meeting, Sorosis held its annual memorial service in honor of deceased members. Among these, from Alice Cary, the first President, are many whose names have been noteworthy in one or another department of life.

On May 4, was held the second social meeting of the Sorosian year. The occasion was devoted to art, with Mrs. Adalyn Wesley-Smith as Chairman. A number of brilliant essays were given upon the topic of the day, "Which has most uplifted humanity, music, art or literature?" At all these gatherings there are always novel features of readings, recitations and music.

At the last annual meeting of the Staten Island Woman's Club, in which fifty members took part, Mrs. Kenyon Jewett was elected President. The association is in every way prosperous.

The Emma Willard Association, of which Mrs. Russell Sage is President, numbers eight hundred women who have been pupils at the famous Troy school founded by that noble pioneer teacher from which the Club takes its name. As an organization it has done much useful work.

In Chicago, Mrs. J. W. Thomas and Miss C. V. Goodell have been instrumental in establishing two Greek letter Clubs, the Alpha and the Beta, where self supporting women can live at cost. In both the membership exceeds two thousand and the work is rapidly extending. To provide good homes at little cost and give maintenance to members when out of work is the primary object. Instruction upon low terms is furnished in several industries and accomplishments.

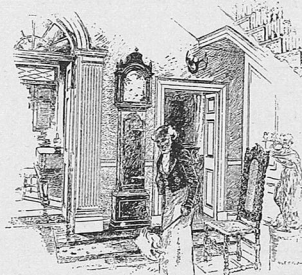
The Chiorean, a new club of the Eastern District, Brooklyn, has for its President Mrs. Ada M. Brown, a member of Sorosis. Already a large and enthusiastic membership clusters about the club rooms. At the first social meeting the question under consideration, "Is the typical nineteenth century woman endangering her home life by her outside interests?" was discussed by several speakers, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster among others.

### MY LADY'S CORNER.

JUNE is the month for rioting in rose leaves. Their subtle, exquisite fragrance, like nothing else on earth, can be secured only during two or three fleeting weeks. To imprison it, like the genie of the Arabian tale, is a pleasure that my lady will not willingly delegate to her maid. This is her manner of doing it.

Rising betimes, before the sun, lover-like, has kissed the aroma from the dewy flowers, she plucks from their receptacles the petals that, freshly blown, show no signs of decay. These she spreads upon muslin just long enough for the dew to escape, not longer, lest with their freshness flies their fragrance. Meantime, she discards the yellow centres, with all other extraneous matter. Then, taking a small stone jar or a glass or china bowl, my lady lightly sprinkles in a layer of petals and then a scant dust of the finest table salt. This, closely covered, is set away in a dry and shaded room.

The next morning and the next, until June roses, weary of the heat, have gone to sleep for the summer, my lady continues her matutinal plucking of the petals. A few old sweet blossoms, like the damask rose, yield the most oil; but nothing that goes under the name is despised. Before a liding a new layer to those gathered, she stirs up the petals already in their receptacle.



In A Southern Homestead.

In three weeks from the first harvest the moist, withered roses are in a fit state to yield their delicate odor. Over the bottom of a glass fruit jar my lady now scatters a couple of tablespoonfuls of bruised allspice and broken stick cinnamon, and on them pours the petals, drained from the adhering moisture. Each morning she remembers to stir up the mass from bottom to top, so that all portions shall be cured simultaneously. At the end of a month it is ready to be transferred to a final receptacle. In alternate layers with the petals, which should measure at least a quart to the amount here given, she strews her spices. These consist of one ounce each of coarsely ground allspice, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg and ginger root, half an ounce of anise seed and six ounces of dried lavender flowers. Where the odor of musk is craved, one ounce may be added. In arranging the layers, the petals may be lightly sprinkled with pure alcohol. The result will be a delicate blending of fragrances, dream-laden and suggestive, with the rose dominating all, just as in a musical harmony one triumphant note sings itself through all the braided rhythm of melody. And so my lady's potpourri diffuses itself in ethereal essence through her rooms, evasive, undefined, yet haunting every nook and corner, until the rose seems a portion of her own refined yet distinct individuality.

### THE SUMMER HOME.

By L. G. D.

WHAT charming possibilities the name suggests! One can take liberties with the fitting up of a summer home in the country, seaside or mountains that would be inadmissible in the more conventional winter habitation, and the amateur who has a taste for decorating and furnishing should congratulate himself on the wide field here offered for his talents.

While the house in town may suggest and carry out the idea of elegance, richness and dignity, the summer home should be another word for freedom, comfort and picturesque beauty, and while one has need for as many aids to comfort and convenience as can be thought of, let there be nothing in the house too fine for everyday use.

Leave the upholstery and rich drapery for the town house, and have the ideal summer furniture, durable wicker and light wood; the tables not too heavy to be moved about, and guiltless of covering, except perhaps a linen spread, the chairs light and easy. Have plenty of couches, with pillows not too fine to do duty in the hammock. Bandana handkerchiefs and pongee silk divide honors for durable coverings for pillows and cushions, and make an admirable contrast when piled together.

No matter what the locality of the summer home, the natural resources always afford ample assistance in the decorations. If on the seashore, the draperies or fish nets are most effective for doorways, besides being put to other uses, and crab nets, crossed oars, shells, etc., may all be used to picturesque advantage about the house, while nothing makes such delightful wood fires for cool summer days as driftwood picked up from the beach; it is light and bright without giving out much heat.

If one's home is in the mountains, the opportunities are again at hand.

Nothing offers such possibilities for making rustic furniture as wild grape vines, and hunting trophies, such as antlers and skins, are not only beautiful but very useful in a country home. Any kind of horns if polished and mounted make admirable hat and whip racks.

The baskets made and sold by the Indians in different parts of the country are gay and rustic in appearance, and are useful for many decorative purposes. The tall urn-shaped ones make artistic waste baskets for the country writing table, while the small flat ones can be used for card receivers and the other odd shapes for other purposes.

It goes without saying that every country house will have one wide, airy hall or room that will be used as a general sitting-room, and that it will have vacation and rest written all over it, and will make one feel at home and at ease the moment they enter the door. On hot days it will be cool and inviting, and on damp, foggy days it will be cheerful and bright, with a wood fire of driftwood from the beach or pine knots from the woods.



A Home-like Hallway.